

MUSIC

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H. M. S.  
**PINAFORE**

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OR,

*The Lass that Loved a Sailor.*

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL NAUTICAL COMIC OPERA

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

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© 1880  
G. E. ELSTREE

London :

METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.	<i>First Lord of the Admiralty.</i>
Capt. Corcoran	<i>Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore.</i>
Ralph Rackstraw	<i>Able Seaman.</i>
Dick Deadeye	<i>Able Seaman.</i>
Bill Bobstay	<i>Boatswain's Mate.</i>
Bob Becket	<i>Carpenter's Mate.</i>
Tom Tucker	<i>Midshipmite.</i>
Sergeant of Marines.	
Josephine	<i>The Captain's Daughter.</i>
Hebe	<i>Sir Joseph's First Cousin.</i>
Little Buttercup	<i>A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman.</i>
First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, &c.	

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SCENE—QUARTERDECK OF H.M.S. PINAFORE, OFF PORTSMOUTH

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ACT I. - Noon. ACT II. - Night.

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*First produced at the Opera Comique Theatre, on Saturday, May 25th, 1878, by the Comedy Opera Company (Limited), MR. R. D'OVLY CARTE, Manager.*

## H. M. S. "PINAFORE."

## INDEX.

Act XX.

# W. M. S. "Pinafore!"

OR,

## THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.

No. 1.

OPENING CHORUS.

PIANO.

*Allegretto Pesante.*

BASSI. *f*

We sail the ocean blue, And our sau - ey ship's a beau-ty; We're so - ber men and true, And at -

## TENORI.

When the balls whis - tle free o'er the bright blue sea We stand to our guns all

ten - tive to our du - ty. When the balls whis - tle free o'er the bright blue sea We stand to our guns all

day. When at an - chor we ride On the Ports - mouth tide We've plen - ty of time for play, A - hoy! A -  
day. When at an - chor we ride On the Ports - mouth tide We've plen - ty of time for play.

- hoy! A - hoy! A - hoy! We stand to our guns, to our guns all  
The balls whis - tle free O'er the bright blue sea We stand to our guns, to our guns all

day. . . . We sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty; We're  
day. . . . We sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty; We're  
con 8va.

so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; Our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty, We're at -  
so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; Our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty, We're at -  
con 8va. con 8va.

- ten - tive to our du - ty; We're so - ber men and true, We sail the o - - - - - ocean

- ten - tive to our du - ty; We're so - ber men and true, We sail the o - - - - - ocean

8va. ~~~~~ con 8va. ~~~~~

blue.

blue.

No. 2. RECITATIVE & SONG—Mrs. Cripps.

MRS. CRIPPS. RECIT.

Hail! men-o'-wars-men, safe-guards of your na - tion! Here is an end at last of all pri - va - tion!

PIANO.

You've got your pay; spare all you can af-ford To wel - come lit - tle But - ter-cup on board.

p *attacca*

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

## SONG. MRS. CRIPPS.

I'm called lit - le But - ter - cup, Dear lit - le But - ter - cup, Though I could ne - ver tell why;

But still I'm call'd But - ter - cup, Poor lit - le But - ter - cup, Sweet lit - le But - ter - cup I.

I've snuff and to - bac - cy, And ex - cel - lent jack - y; I've scis - sors, and watch - es, and knives;

I've rib - bons and la - ces To set off the fa - ces Of pret - ty young sweet-hearts and wives.

I've trea - cle and tof - fee, I've tea and I've cof - fee, Soft tom - my and suc - cu-lent chops;

*rall.*

I've chick-en-s and co - nies, And pret - ty po - lo - nies, And ex - cel-lent pe - per - mint drops. . .

*rall.*

*a tempo.*

. . . Then buy of your But - ter - cup, Dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Sail - ors should ne - ver be shy—

*a tempo.*

So buy of your But - ter - cup, Poor lit - tle But - ter - cup, Come, of your But - ter - cup buy.

*colla voce.*

*con 8va.*

*con 8va.*

## No. 2a. RECITATIVE—Mrs. Cripps &amp; Boatswain.

MRS. CRIPPS. RECIT.

PIANO.

BOATSWAIN.

MRS. CRIPPS.

But tell me who's the youth whose fal-c'ring feet With dif - fi - cul - ty bear him on his course?

That is the smart-est lad in all the fleet— Ralph Rack - straw. Ralph! That name! Re-morse! re-morse!

sf Attaca.

## No. 3. SCENA—Ralph &amp; Chorus.

RALPH.

PIANO.

Andante.

The Night-in-gale

sigh'd for the moon's bright ray, And told his tale . . . in his own me - lo - dious

CHO. pp TENORS. RALPH.

way. tr. . . He sang Ah, weil - a - day. He sang Ah, well - a - day. The

BASSES.

dim. p

low - ly vale . . . for the moun - tain vain - ly sighed ; To his hum - ble wail the

Chorus. |  
e - cho-ing hills re - plied, tr... And sang Ah, well-a - day ! and sang Ah, well-a -  
|  
f dim. p

RALPH.  
day. I know the va - lue of a kind - ly cho - rus, But cho - rus - es yield lit - tle con so -  
|  
con 8va.

la - tion When we have pain, and sor - row too, be - fore us ! I love, and love, a - las ! a - bove my  
|  
dim. p

MRS. CRIFFS. CHORUS. *units.*  
sta - tion, He loves, and loves a lass a - bove his sta - tion ! Yes, yes, the lass is much a - bove his sta - tion.

## ARIA.

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO.

RALPH.

A mai-den fair to see, The pearl of min-strel-sy ; A

bud of blush - ing beau - ty For whom proud no - bles sigh, And with each o - ther vie, To do her me - nial's

du - ty. To do her me - nial's du - ty. A sui - tor low - ly born, With hope - less pas - sion torn, And

poor be - yond con - ceal - ing— Hath dar'd for her to pine, At whose ex - al - ted shrine A world of wealth is

CHORUS.

RALPH.

kneel - ing. A world of wealth is kneel - ing. Un - learn - ed he in aught Save that which love hath taught, For

Musical score for 'The Captain's Daughter' featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are:

Love hath been his tu - tor. Oh, pi - ty, pi - ty me! Our cap - tain's daugh-ter, she, and I that low - ly

Dynamics: *rall.* (rallentando) appears twice above the top staff.

Performance instruction: *con Sva.* (with spirit) is at the bottom of the page.

sui • tor !      Oh, pi • ty, pi • ty me, our cap • tain's daugh • ter, she, and I that low • ly  
 CHORUS OF MEN.  
 TENORS.  
 And he, and he, that low • ly  
 BASSES.  
 And he, and he, that low • ly

con 8va.

No. 4.

## RECIT., SONG &amp; CHORUS—Captain C.

RECIT. CAPTAIN C.

My gal-lant crew, good morning!

PIANO.

Allegretto.

ff

I hope you're all quite well.

CHORUS. TENORS &amp; BASSES.

Sir, good morn - ing!

Quite well, and

8va.

8ta.

8va.

I am in rea - son - a - ble health, And hap - py to meet you all once more.

you, sir?

8va.

p

f

You do us proud, sir!

*ff*

*con 8va.*

A musical score for a single voice in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "am the cap - tain of the Pin - a - fore, You're do my best to sa - tis - fy you all. You're ex -". The score includes a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature.

CHORUS OF MEN.

I. And a right good cap - tain too !  
2. And with you we're quite con - tent !

A musical score page featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in G major with a common time signature, and the bottom staff is in F major with a common time signature. The vocal line is in the soprano range, with lyrics in both English and French. The lyrics describe a crew that is very good, understood, commanded, and right, and a crew that is exceeding-ly polite, think it on-ly right, return, and compli-ment. The score includes dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte), and various rests and note heads. The bottom staff has a single note 'F' with a dynamic 'f' and a fermata, followed by the text 'We're ex -'.

Tho' re -  
laid

ve - ry, ve - ry good, And, be it un - der - stood, He com - mands a right good crew.  
- ceed-ing - ly po - lite, And he thinks it on - ly right: To re - turn the com - pli - ment.

p

• la - ted to a peer, I can hand, reef, and steer, Or ship a sel - va - gee; I am  
lan - guage or a - buse I ne - ver, ne - ver use, What e - ver the e - mer - gen - cy; Though

ne - ver known to quail At the fu - ry of a gale, And I'm ne - ver, ne - ver sick at  
"both - er it" I may . . . Oc - ca - sion - al - ly say, I ne - ver use a big, big

Three staves of musical notation for three voices. The top staff is for the Bassoon, the middle for the Clarinet, and the bottom for the Bassoon. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "Hardly a very sick old bear / That's great comfort and one cheer more. For the last of the day is just / a very severe a big, big bear." The vocal parts are in unison. The score includes dynamic markings like *f* (fortissimo), *p* (pianissimo), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The bassoon parts feature sustained notes and rhythmic patterns.

No. 4a.

## RECIT.—Mrs. Cripps &amp; Captain Corcoran.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Sir, you are sad; the si - lent e - loquence of yon - der tear, That trem - bles on your eye - lash,

PIANO.

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

CAPTAIN C.

Yes, lit - tle But - ter - cup, I'm sad and sor - ry,

ff

My daugh - ter Jo - se - phine, the fair - est flower That e - ver blos - somed on an - ces - tral

p

C

C

C

C

C

tim - ber, Is sought in marriage by Sir Jo - seph Por - ter, Our Ad - mi - ral - ty's First Lord;

*p* *f*

But for some rea - son she does not seem to tac - kle kind - ly to it.

## MRS. CRIPPS.

Ah, poor Sir Jo - seph! Ah, I know too well . . . the

*Tempo moderato.*

an - guish of a heart that loves but vain - ly! But see! here comes your

## CAPTAIN C.

most at - trac - tive daugh - ter; I go, — fare - well! A plump and plea - sing per - son.

*Segus aria.*

No. 5.

## SONG—Josephine.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

Sor - ry her lot . . . who loves too

well, Hea - vy the heart . . . that hopes but vain - ly; Sad . . . are the sighs that own the spell Uttered by

eyes . . . that speak too plain - ly. Sor - ry her lot . . . who loves too well, Hea - vy the heart that hopes but

vain - ly. Hea - vy the sor - row that bows the head, When love is a - live and

hope is dead, When love is a - live and hope . . . is dead.

*Un poco animato.*

*rall.*

*cres.*

*Un poco animato.*

*rall.*

*p*

*cres.*

*dim.*

*colla voce.*

*p*

*f*

Sad is the hour . . . when sets the  
 sun, Sad is the night . . . to earth's poor daugh - ters, When to the ark the wea - ried one Flies from the  
 emp - - ty waste of wa - ters. Sad is the hour . . . when sets the sun, Sad is the night to earth's poor  
 daugh - ters Hea - vy the sor - row that bows the head, When love is a - live anà  
 hope . . . is dead, When love . . . is a 'live, And hope, . . . and hope is dead.

*rall.* *Un poco animato.* *cres.*  
*rall.* *p* *colla voce.* *p* *f*

No. 6.

## CHORUS OF WOMEN (Behind the Scenes).

1ST & 2ND SOPRANOS. *p*

PIANO.

*Andantino.*

O - ver the bright blue sea Comes Sir Jo - - seph Por - ter, K. C. B., Wher -

- e - - ver he may go . . . Bang, bang the loud nine poun-ders go; Shout o'er the bright blue

sea, . . . For Sir Jo - seph Por - ter, K. C. B. Shout . . . o'er the bright blue sea, . . . For Sir

Jo - seph Pcr - ter, K. C. B., For Sir Jo - seph Por - ter, K. C. B. . . . .

*dim.*

*p*

*dim.* *p* *pp*

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No. 7.

## CHORUS OF SAILORS.

BASSES. *p*

Sir Joseph's barge is seen, And his crowd of blushing beau-ty; We hope he'll find us

*Allegretto come Ima.*

*p Staccato.*

*p* TENORS.

We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a

clean And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a

*cres.*

beau - ty; We're so - ber, so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty, So - ber, so - ber men and

*cres.*

beau - ty; We're so - ber, so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty, So - ber, so - ber men and

*cres.*

true. We're smart and so - ber men, And quite de - void of fe - ar, In all the Ro - yal

*ff*

true. We're smart and so - ber men, And quite de - void of fe - ar, In all the Ro - yal

*ff*

N. None are so smart as we are.

N. None are so smart as we are.

SOPRANOS.

Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the maidens to the shipping; Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly

skip - ping, Flock the maidens to the ship - ping.

TENORS & BASSES.

Flags, and guns, and pen - nants dip - ping, All the

Sai - lors spright - ly, al - ways right - ly Wel - come la - dies so po -

la - dies love the ship - ping.

- lite - ly.  
 La - dies who can smile so bright - ly Sai - lors wel - come most po - lite - ly,  
 Sai - lors spright - ly al - ways right - ly Wel - come la - dies so po -  
 wel - come most po - lite - ly.

**SOPRANOS.**  
 - lite - ly. Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the mai - dens to the  
**TENORS.**  
 We're smart and so - ber men, And quite de - void of  
**BASSES.**  
 Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the mai - dens to the

ship - ping, Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the mai - dens to the ship; Sai - lors  
 fe - ar, In all the Roy - al N. None are so smart as we are; La - dies  
 ship - ping, Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the mai - dens to the ship; Sai - lors

*Legato.*  
*Legato.*  
*Legato.*

dim.

spright - ly al - ways right - ly Wel-come la - dies so po - lite - - - - -  
 TENORS & BASSES.

dim.

p

who can smile so bright - ly Sai - lors wel-come most po - lite - - - - -

p



## No. 8. Sir Joseph, Cousin Hebe, Boatswain &amp; Chorus.

CAPTAIN C.

Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way, Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hur-ray ! Hur-ray !

CHORUS. f SOPRANO.

Hur-ray ! Hur-ray ! Hur-ray !

Hur-ray ! Hur-ray ! Hur-ray !

Moderato.

PIANO.

SIR J. PORTER. *Vivace.*

I am the mon-arch of the sea, The ru-ler of the Queen's Na - vee, Whose praise great Bri - tain

*Vivace.*

COUSIN HEBE.

Ioud - ly chants; And we are his sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts.

CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

And we are his sis - ters and his  
TENORS & BASSES.

And they are his sis - ters and his

cres.

His sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts.

When at

cou-sins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts.

cou-sins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts.

an - chor here I ride, My bo - som swells with pride, And I snap my fingers at a

COUSIN HEBE.

foe man's taunts. And so do his sis - ters and his cou - sines and his aunts.

SOPRANOS.

And so do his sis - ters and his  
TENORS & BASSES.

And so do his sis - ters and his

*cres.*

SIR J. PORTER.

His sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts.

But

cou-sins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts.

cou-sins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts.

*f* *p* *dim.*

when the breez - es blow I gen - e - ral - ly go be - low, And seek the se - clu - sion that a

*pp*

COUSIN HEBE.

ca - bin grants. And so do his sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts, SOPRANOS.

And so do his sis - ters and his

*cres.*

And so do his sis -ters and his cou - sins and his aunts, His

*cres.*

cou - sins and his aunts. And so do his sis -ters and his cou - sins and his aunts, His

TENORS AND BASSES.

*cres.*

And so do his sis -ters and his cou - sins and his aunts, His

*cres.*

sis -ters and his cou -sins, Whom he reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts. . . .

sis -ters and his cou -sins, Whom he reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts. . . .

sis -ters and his cou -sins, Whom he reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts. . . .

*f*

*Attacca.*

No. 9.

## SONG—Sir J. Porter &amp; Chorus.

*Allegro non troppo.*

PIANO.



SIR. J. P.

1. When I was a lad I serv'd a term As of - fice boy to an At-tor-ney's firm. 1  
 2. As of - fice boy I made such a mark That they gave me the post of a ju-nior clerk. 1

cleaned the win-dows and I swept the floor, And I po - lished up the han - dle of the big front door.  
 served the wris - with a smile so bland, And I co - pied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

CHORUS.

He  
HeHe  
He

I po - lish'd up that han - dle so care - ful - lee, That  
 I co - pied all the let - ters in a hand so free, And

po - lish'd up the han - dle of the big front door.  
 co - pied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

po - lish'd up the han - dle of the big front door.  
 co - pied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

p

now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

He polished up that handle so care - ful - lee That  
He co - pied all the let - ters in a hand so free, And

He polished up that handle so care - ful - lee That  
He co - pied all the let - ters in a hand so free, And

now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

*f*

3. In serving writs I made such a name  
That an articled clerk I soon became;  
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit  
For the pass examination at the Institute.  
And that pass examination did so well for me,  
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS.—And that pass examination, &c.

4. Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip  
That they took me into the partnership,  
And that junior partnership I ween  
Was the on - ship that I ever had seen.  
But that kind of ship so suited me,  
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee

CHORUS.—But that kind, &c.

5. I grew so rich that I was sent  
By a pocket borough into Parliament,  
I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself at ail.  
I thought so little they rewarded me,  
By making me the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS.—He thought so little, &c.

6. Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule,—  
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,  
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee

CHORUS.—Stick close, &c.

No. 9a.

## EXIT FOR LADIES.

SIR JOSEPH.

PIANO.

*Vivace.*

For I hold that on the seas The ex - press - sion "if you

COUSIN HEBE.

please" A par - ti - cu - lar - ly gen - tle - man - ly tone im - plants. And so do his sis - ters, and his

cou-sins, and his aunts.

SOPRANOS.

And so do his sis - ters, and his cou - sins, and his aunts ! His sis - ters, and his cou - sins, Whom he

TENORS &amp; BASSES.

And so do his sis - ters, and his cou - sins, and his aunts ! His sis - ters, and his cou - sins, Whom he

cres.

reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts ! . . . .

reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts ! . . . .

## No. 10. TRIO &amp; CHORUS—Ralph, Boatswain, &amp; Boatswain's-mate.

8. RALPH.

PIANO.

*Moderato.*

soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain bird ;..... His en - er - ge - tic fist Should be  
in - born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung ; He ne - ver should bow down To a

soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain bird ;..... His en - er - ge - tic fist Should be  
in - born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung ; He ne - ver should bow down To a

soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain bird ;..... His en - er - ge - tic fist Should be  
in - born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung ; He ne - ver should bow down To a

rea - dy to re - sist A dic - ta - to - rial word ; And his  
dom - i - neer - ing frown, Or the tang of a ty - rant tongue ; And his

rea - dy to re - sist A dic - ta - to - rial word ; His nose should pant,  
dom - i - neer - ing frown, Or the tang of a ty - rant tongue ; His foot should stamp,

rea - dy to re - sist A dic - ta - to - rial word ; His nose should pant, And his  
dom - i - neer - ing frown, Or the tang of a ty - rant tongue ; His foot should stamp,

lip should curl,  
throat should growl,  
And his brow should furl,  
And his face should scowl,  
And his

His cheeks should flame,  
His hair should twirl,  
His bosom should heave,  
His eyes should flash,  
And his bosom should

lips . . . should curl, His cheeks should  
throat . . . should growl, His hair should  
twirl, And his face should  
flame, And his brow should furl, And his bosom should  
should should should should should should

rall. CHORUS. SOP.

heart should glow, And his fist be e - ver rea - dy For a knock - down blow. His  
breast pro - trude, And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry at - - ti - tude. His  
TENORS & BASSES.

And his fist be e - ver rea - dy For a knock - down blow. His  
And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry at - - ti - tude. His  
rall.

heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist e - ver rea - dy For a knock - down  
flash, And his breast pro - trude, And this his Cus - tom - a - ry at - - ti -

p

Piu vivace. cres.

nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his brow should furl, His  
foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, His  
cres.

nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his brow should furl, His  
foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, His  
blow.  
tude.

Piu vivace.

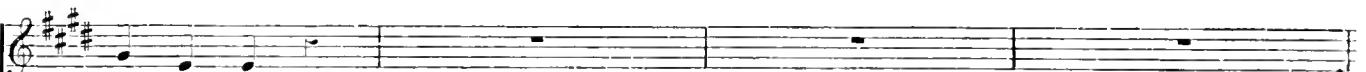
cres.



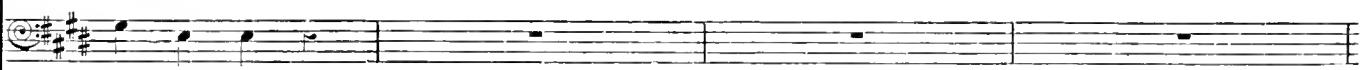
bo - som should heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist be e - ver rea - dy For a  
eyes should flash, And his breast pro - trude, And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry



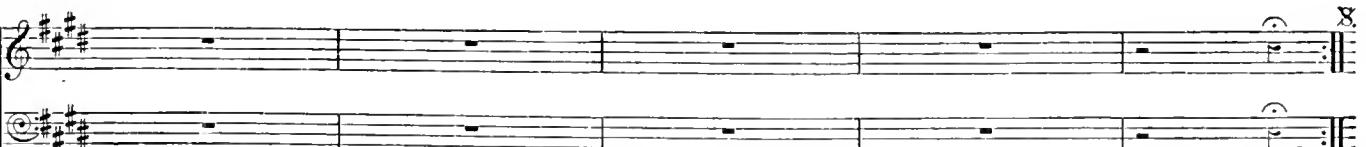
bo - som should heave, And his heart should glow, An his fist be e - ver rea - dy For a  
eyes should flash, And his breast pro - trude, An this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry



knock - down blow.  
at - ti - tude.



knock - down blow.  
at - ti - tude.



No. II.

## DUET—Josephine &amp; Ralph.

*Allegro con brio.*

*f* JOSEPHINE.

PIANO.

Re-frain, au - da - cious tar, Your suit from press - ing ; Re -

- mem - ber what you are, And whom ad - dress - ing. Re - strain, au - da - cious tar, Your suit from press - ing ; Re -

member what you are, And whom ad - dress - ing, Re - strain, au - da - cious tar, Re - mem - ber what you are.

*p (aside.)* *Un poco più lento.*

I'd laugh my rank to scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more high-ly born Or I more

*p*

low - ly, I'd laugh my rank to scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more highly born Or I more low - ly.  
 < *mf* *dim.* *Colla voce.* *pp*

RALPH.  
 Proud la - dy, have your way, Un - feel - ing beau - ty! You  
*Tempo. lmo.* *ff* *p*

speak, and I o - bey, It is my du - ty; I am the low - iest tar that ploughs the wa - ter, And  
 you, proud maiden, are my cap-tain's daugh-ter; Proud la - dy, have your way, You speak, and I o - bey.

*p (aside.)* *Un poco più lento.*  
 My heart, with an-guish torn, Bows down be - fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a -

cres.

dim.

p

rit.

- dore her, My heart, with an-guish torn, Bowsdown be - fore her. She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a -

mf

dim.

colla voce.

tempo lento. *f* JOSEPHINE

- dore her. Re - strain, au - da-cious tar, Your suit from press - ing.

*f* RALPH.

Proud la - dy, have your way, Un - feel - ing

*p* più lento.

I'd laugh my rank to scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more high - ly born... Or

*p* più lento.

beau - ty! My heart with an-guish torn, Bows down be - fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, Yet

*p* più lento

rit. *pp*

I more low - - ly.

rit. *pp*

I a - dore . her.

rit. *pp*

p

No. 12.

## FINALE.

RALPH. RECIT.

PIANO.

*Allegretto moderato.*

Can I sur - vive this o - ver - bear - ing? Or live a life of mad des - pair - ing? My  
 prof - fer'd love des - pis'd, re - ject - ed? No, no, it's not to be ex - pect - ed!

*f a tempo.*

*Segue Finale.*

RALPH.

Mess-mates a-hoy! come here! come here!

SOPRANOS.

Aye, aye, my boy! what cheer! what cheer!

TENORS &amp; BASSES.

Aye, aye, my boy! what cheer! what cheer!

*Allegro con brio.*

RALPH.

The mai - den treats my

Come, tell us pray, without de - lay, what does she say? What cheer! what cheer!

Come, tell us pray, without de - lay, what does she say? What cheer! what cheer!

*p*

suit with scorn, Re - jects my hum - ble gift, my la - dy. She says I am ig - no - bly born, And

{

cuts my hope a - drift, my la - dy.

DEADEYE,

She spurns my love ! O -

Oh ! cru - el one ! oh ! cru - el one !

Oh ! cru - el one ! oh ! cru - el one !

{

f COUSIN HEBE.

Shall they sub-mit? are they but slaves?  
f BOATSWAIN.

- ho ! O - ho ! I told you so ! I told you so ! Shall we sub-mit? are we but slaves?

f CHORUS.

Shall we sub-mit? are we but slaves?

Shall we sub-mit? are we but slaves?

f D

{

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

## DEADEYE.

You must sub - mit, you are but slaves; A la - dy she! O - ho! O - ho! You low - ly

No! no!

No! no!

*p*

*p*

*f p*

## SOPRANOS.

toi - lers of the waves, She spurns you all— I told you so! Shall they sub - mit? are they but slaves?

## TENORS &amp; BASSES.

Shall we sub - mit? are we but slaves?

*p*

*pp*

*cres.*

COUSIN HEEB.



Shall we sub - mit? are we but slaves? Love comes a - like to high and low - Bri -  
DEADEYE.

You must sub - mit. you are but slaves; A la - dy she! O -

SOPRANOS.

Shall we sub - mit? are we but slaves? Love comes a - like to high and low - Bri -

TENORS &amp; BASSES.

Shall we sub - mit? are we but slaves? Love comes a - like to high and low - Bri -

DEAD.

ho! Oho! Oho! She spurns you all, She spurns you all—I told you so!

COUSIN HEEB. &amp; SOPRANOS.

tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they stoop to in - sult? No! no!

BOATSWAIN &amp; BASS.

tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they stoop to in - sult? No! no!

RALPH.

My friends, my leave of life I'm tak - ing, For oh, my heart, my heart is

break - ing; When I am gone, oh, pri - thee, tell The maid that, as I died, I lov'd her

p CHORUS.

well! Of life, a - las, his leave he's tak - ing, For ah! his faith-ful heart is break-ing. When he is  
 Of life, a - las, his leave he's tak - ing, For ah! his faith-ful heart is break-ing. When he is

that, as he died, he lov'd her well.

RALPH.

gone well sure - ly tell The maid as he died, he lov'd her well. Be  
 gone well sure - ly tell The maid as he died, he lov'd her well.

warn'd, my mess - mates all Who love in rank a - bove you— For Jo - seph-ine I fall !

JOSEPHINE. RECIT.

Tutti. CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

Ah ! stay your hand ! I love you ! Ah ! stay your hand— she loves you !

TENORS &amp; BASSES.

RALPH. JOSEPHINE. SOPRANOS. ff  
 Loves me? Loves you! Yes! Ves! Ah yes! she loves you !

TENORS  
& BASSES.

JOSEPHINE. *Allegro vivace.*

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un - for - seen, The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The God of day—the  
COUSIN HEBE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un - for - seen, The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The God of day—the  
RALPH.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un - for - seen, The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The God of day—the

*p Allegro vivace.*

orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky is all a - blaze.

orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky is all a - blaze.

orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky is all a - blaze. With woo - ing words and

< >

I'll chase the lag - ging hours a-long, And if he finds the mai - den coy, He'll mur - mur forth de -

He'll chase the lag - ging hours a-long, And if he finds the mai - den coy, He'll mur - mur forth de -

lov - ingsong, I'll chase the lag - ging hours a-long, And if I find the mai - den coy, I'll mur - mur forth de -

*p*

won his Jo - seph - ine, But tho' the sky seems now se - rene, A frown-ing thun - der bolt a - bove May end their  
stacc.

A musical score for three voices. The top staff is in soprano C-clef, the middle staff in alto F-clef, and the bottom staff in bass F-clef. The music is in common time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written in the soprano part: "ill - as-sor - ted love Which now is all a - blaze. Our cap - tain ere a day is gone Will". The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in common time, 2/4 time, and 3/4 time. The piano part is in common time. The vocal parts sing in a mix of soprano, alto, and bass voices. The piano part provides harmonic support and includes a dynamic instruction 'cres.' (crescendo) in the middle of the page. The lyrics describe a plot against Josephine, with the piano part featuring a prominent bass line in the bass clef staff.

JOSEPHINE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un - for - seen, The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The  
COUSIN HEBE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un - for - seen, The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The  
RALPH.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un - for - seen, The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The

ma - ny va - rious ways.

Our captain soon, unless I'm wrong, Will be ex -

*f* *sf* *p*

God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky . . . . . is

God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky . . . . . is

God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky . . . . .

15  
- - - trem - ly down up - on The wick - ed men who art employ, Will be ex - treme - ly down up - on The wick-ed

*cre* - - - - - *scen* - - - - - *do*.

all a - - - - - blaze, is all a - -

all a - - - - - blaze, is all a - -

all a - - - - - blaze, is all a - -

men, will be ex-treme-ly down up - on the men In ma - ny va - rious ways,

In ma - ny va - rious

*p*

blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is ali, is all a -  
 blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is all, is all a -  
 blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is all, is all a -  
 ways, Our cap-tain soon will be ex-tremely down up-on The wick-ed men in ma - ny va - rious  
 ways, cre - seen - do.

blaze . . . . . This ve - ry night, With -  
 blaze . . . . . With ba - ted breath,  
 blaze . . . . . And muf - fled oar,  
 ways . . . . .

pp staccato.

out a light, A cler - gy - man  
 As still as death  
 Well steal a - shore. Shall make us one  
 BOATSWAIN.  
 At

JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE.

COUSIN HEBE

And then we can

This ve - ry night, With

half - past ten,

BOATSWAIN.

Can part them then!

RALPH.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, for none

This ve - ry night, With

This ve - ry night, With

RALPH.

JOSEPHINE.

COUSIN HEBE.

RALPH.

JOSEPHINE.

ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With - out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

ba - ted breath And muf - fled car - With - out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With - out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

RAPLH.

COUSIN HEBE.

JOSEPHINE.

RALPH.

COUSIN HEBE.

cler - gy - man Shall make us one At half - past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none Can

BOATSWAIN.

At half - past ten,

Can

cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And then they can Re - turn, for none Can

cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And then they can Re - turn, for none Can

JOSEPHINE.

This ve - ry night With ba - ted breath And muffled oar, Without a light As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler - gy -

part them then! This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With -

RALPH.

This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With -

DEADEYE.

This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With -

part them then! This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With -

part them then! This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar, Without a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler - gy -

part them then! This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With -

remplu p e stacc.

- man Shall make us one At half - past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none Can part us then! A cler - gy -

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And then they can Re - turn, for none Can part them then! A cler - gy -

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none Can part us then! This ve - ry  
 cler - - gy - - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry  
 cler - - gy - - man Shall make us one At half - past ten. This ve - ry  
 cler - - gy - - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry  
 cler - - gy - - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry  
 man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can re - turn, for none Can part them then! This ve - ry  
 cler - - gy - - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry

cres.

night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A cler - gy -  
 night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A cler - gy -  
 night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A cler - gy -  
 night With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A cler - gy -  
 night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A cler - gy -  
 night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A cler - gy -  
 night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A cler - gy -

p

part us then !

p

part them then !

p

part us then !

p

none Can part them then !

DEADEYE.

For -

pp

RECIT. *Moderato.*

- bear, nor carry out the scheme you've plann'd, She is a la - dy— you a fore-mast hand ! Re - mem - ber, she's your

*f CHORUS. Tutti.*

gal-lant cap-tain's daughter, And you the mean-est slave that crawls the wa - - ter ! Back, ver - min,

back, Nor mock us! Back, ver - min, back, You shock us!

*Allegro con brio.*SOPRANOS. *D'*

Let's give three cheers for the sai - lor's bride Who casts all thought of rank a - side— Who

TENORS & BASSES. *D'*

Let's give three cheers for the sai - lor's bride Who casts all thought of rank a - side— Who

gives up home and for - tune too, For the ho - nest love of a sai - lor true! Tra, la, la, la, la,

gives up home and for - tune too, For the ho - nest love of a sai - lor true! Tra, la la, la, la,



JOSEPHINE, COUSIN HEBE & SOPRANOS. *Vivace.*

For a Bri - tish tar is a soar - ing soul As free as a moun - tain bird; His

TENORS &amp; BASSES.

*Vivace.*

en - er - get - ic fist should be ready to re - sist A dic - ta - to - rial word! His eyes should flash with an

in - born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung; He ne-ver should bow down to a dom - i - neering frown, Or the

tang of a ty - rant tongue.

RALPH, DEADEYE, BOATSWAIN.

TENORS & BASSES *Unison.*

His nose should pant and his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame and his

brow should furl, His bo - som should heave and his heart should glow, And his fist be e - ver rea - dy for a

*cres.*

SOPRANOS.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His

RALPH with TENORS.

DEADEYE & BOATSN. with BASSES.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His

knock down-blow.

*f* *f*

hair should twirl and his face should scowl; His eyes should flash and his breast pro - trude, And

hair should twirl and his face should scowl; His eyes should flash and his breast pro - trude, And

JOSEPHINE.



COUSIN HEBE.



RALPH.



DEADEYE.



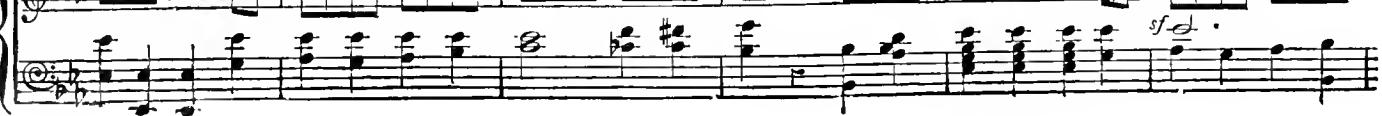
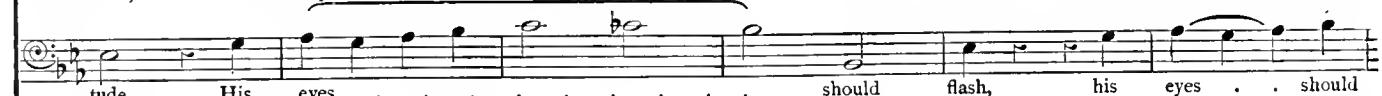
BOATSWAIN.



SOPRANOS.



TENORS &amp; BASSES.



flash, his breast . . . pro - trude, His eyes . . . . . should flash, . . .

flash, his breast . . . pro - trude, His eyes . . . . . should flash, . . .

flash, his breast pro - trude, His eyes should flash, should flash, . . .

flash, his breast . . . pro - trude, His eyes should flash, should flash, . . .

flash, his breast . . . pro - trude, His eyes . . . . . should flash, . . .

flash, his breast . . . pro - trude, His eyes . . . . . should flash, . . .

at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude. His eyes, . . .

at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude. His eyes, . . .

*sf* . . .

yes, . . . His eyes . . . . . should

yes, . . . His eyes . . . should

yes, . . . His eyes should

yes, . . . His eyes should

yes, . . . His eyes should

his eyes should, . . . yes, . . . His eyes . . . should

his eyes should, . . . yes, . . . His eyes . . . should

flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,  
 His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;  
 His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;  
 His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;  
 His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;  
 His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;  
 His hair should twirl and his face should scowl ; His eyes should flash, His breast pro-trude, And this should be his  
 His hair should twirl and his face should scowl ; His eyes should flash, His breast pro-trude, And this should be his

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

cus-tom - a ry at - - - - - ti - tude.

cus-tom - a ry at - - - - - ti - tude.

*8va.*

*f*

*(End of 1st Act.)*

## ENTR'ACTE.

PIANO.

*Tempo moderato.*

*p*

*rall.* *p*

## ACT II.

No. 13.

SONG—Captain Corcoran.

*Moderato.*

**CAPTAIN C.**

Fair moon, to thee I sing!

**PIANO.**

Bright re-gent of the hea - vens, Say, why is ev 'ry thing . . . Ei - ther at six-es or at

se - vens? Say, why is ev 'ry - thing Ei - ther at six - es or at se - vens? I have

8va. 8va. 8va.

liv'd hi - ther - to Free from the breath of slan - der, Be - lov'd by all my crew,

8va.

A real - ly po - pu - lar Com - man - der. But now my kind - ly crew re - bel, My

daughter to a tar is par - tial, Sir Jo - seph storms, and, sad to tell, He threat - ens a court

ceres.

mar - tial! Fair moon, to thee I sing! Bright re - gent of the hea - vens,

Sv.a. ~~~~~

dim. pp

Say, why is ev - 'ry thing Ei - ther at six-es or at se - vens? Fair moon, to

8va. 8va.

rall.

thee I'll sing, Bright re - gent of the heav'n's!

colla voce.

p

No. 14.

## DUET—Mrs. Cripps &amp; Captain Corcoran.

*Allegro.*

MRS. CRIPPS.

Things are sel-dom what they seem, Skim milk mas- que rades as cream;

PIANO.

CAPTAIN C.

High-lows pass as pa-tent lea-thers, Jack-daws strut in pea-cocks' fea-thers Ve-ry true, so they do.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Black sheep dwell in ev'-ry fold, All that glit-ters is not gold; Storks turn out to

CAPTAIN C.

be but logs, Bulls are but in - flat - ed frogs. So they be, fre-quently.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Drops the wind and stops the mill, Tur - bot is am - bi - tious brill; Gild the far - thing if you will,

*cres 8va.*

## CAPTAIN C.

Yet it is a far - thing still. Yes, I know, that is so : Tho' to catch your drift I'm striv - ing, It is

*con 8va.*

sha - dy, it is sha - dy, I don't see at what you're driving, Mys - tic la - dy, mys - tic la - dy.

## MRS. CRIPPS.

Stern con - vic - tion's o'er him stealing That the mys - tic la - dy's dealing In o - ra - cu - lar re - veal - ing.

## CAPTAIN C.

Stern con - vic - tion's o'er me stealing That the mys - tic la - dy's dealing In o - ra - cu - lar re - veal - ing.

That is so.

## CAPTAIN C.

Yes, I know. Tho' I'm a - ny - thing but clever I could talk like that for e - ver.

*p* *f* *p*

## MRS. CRIPPS.

Once a cat was kill'd by care, On - ly brave de - serve the fair. Ve - ry true, so theydo.

## CAPTAIN C.

Wink is of - ten good as nod, Spoils the child who spares the rod; Thirs - ty lambs run fox - y dan-gers,

## MRS. CRIPPS.

## CAPTAIN C.

Dogs are found in ma - ny mangers. Fre-quenllee! I a-gree. Paw of cat the chest-nut snatches,

con 8va.

Worn out gar - ments show new patch-es; On - ly count the chick that hatch-es, Men are grown up catch - y catch-ies.

con 8va.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Yes, I know that is so, Tho' to catch my drift he's striv - ing, I'll dis - sem - ble! I'll dis -

sem - ble ! When be sees at what I'm driv - ing, Let him trem - ble, Let him trem - ble !

MRS. CRIPPS.

Tho' a mys - tic tone I bor - row, He will learn the truth with sor - row; Here to - day and gone to - mor-row.  
CAPTAIN C.

Tho' a mys - tic tone you bor - row, I shall learn the truth with sor - row; Here to - day and gone to - mor-row.

That is so. I'll dis - sem - ble, I'll dis - sem - ble, Let him

Yes, I know. Tho' a mys - tic tone you bor - row, I shall learn the

a tempo.

tremble ! Let him tremble ! Let him tremble ! Yes, I know, that is so.  
a tempo.

truth to-morrow, Here to - day and gone to-morrow, Yes, I know, that is so.

pp a tempo. ff

## No. 15.

## SCENA—Josephine.

VOICE. *Andante.*

The hours creep on a - pace, My guil - ty heart is quak-ing;

PIANO.

Oh that I might re - trace The step that I am tak - ing: It's fol - ly it were ea - sy to be

shew - ing: What I am giv - ing up, and whi - ther go . . . . ing!

{ On the one hand, papa's luxurious home } brass-es, { Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome, } glass-es, { Rich Oriental rugs, } pil-lows, And  
 { hung with ancestral armour and old } rare "blue and white" Venetian finger - .

ev . 'ry - thing that is - n't old, from Gil - lows! And, on the other, a dark and dingy room } cry - ing,  
 { in some back street with stuffy children }

Where organs yell, and clacking housewives } drying,  
 fume, and clothes are hanging out all day a- } With one cracked looking- } and { dinner served up } ba-sin !

*Allegro con spirito.*  
*cres. Molto.*

A sim · ple sai · lor, low · ly born; Un ·  
 let · ter'd and un · known; Who toils for bread from ear · ly morn Till half the night has flown, Till  
 half the night has flown. No gold · en rank can he im-part, No wealth of house or land; No  
 for · tune, save his trus · ty heart, And hon · est, brown right hand, his trus · ty heart, and brown right hand; And

*cres.*  
*cres.* *f* *p*

yet he is so won-drous fair, That love for one so pass-ing rare, So peer-less in his man-ly beau-ty, Were

*rallentando.*

lit - tle else than so - lemn du - ty, Were lit - tle else than so - lemn du - - - - ty! Oh god of

*rall.*

*ad lib.*

love and god of rea - son say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart o - obey? A sim - ple sai - lor,

*a tempo.*

low - ly born, Un - let-ter'd and un - known, No gold - en rank can he im-part, No wealth of house or

*a tempo.*

land; No for - tunc, save his trus - ty heart, And hon - est, brown right hand, his trus - ty heart and right



## No. 16. TRIO—Josephine, Captain Corcoran, &amp; Sir J. Porter.

JOSEPHINE.

3. Ne - ver  
CAPTAIN C.

1. Ne - ver  
SIR J. PORTER.

2. Ne - ver

*Allegro vivace.*

PIANO.

mind the why and where-fore, Love can le - vel ranks, and there - fore I ad - mit the ju - ris - dic - tion; A - bly  
 mind the why and where-fore, Love can le - vel ranks, and there - fore, Though his Lord-ship's sta - tion's migh - ty, Though stu -  
 mind the why and where-fore, Love can le - vel ranks, and there - fore, Though your nau - ti - cal re - la - tion In my

*p*

have you play'd your part, You have car - ried firm con - vic - tions To my hes - i - ta - ting heart.  
 pen - dous be his brain, Though her tastes are mean and fligh - ty, And her for - tune poor and plain -  
 set could scare - ly pass, Though you oc - cu - py a sta - tion In the low - er mid - dle class -

CAPTAIN C. &amp; SIR J. PORTER. (every time.)

Ring the mer - ry bells on board ship, Rend the air with warb-ling wild, For the u - nion

CAPTAIN C.

SIR J. PORTER.  
of his Lord - ship With a hum - ble cap - tain's child. For a hum - ble cap - tain's daugh - ter, For a

CAPTAIN C. (each verse.)

JOSEPHINE. (each verse.)

SIR J. PORTER. (each verse.) JOSEPHINE.

gal - lant cap - tain's daughter And a Lord who rules the wa - ter. And a tar who ploughs the wa - ter.

JOSEPHINE. 1ST & 2ND VERSES.

Let the air with joy be la - - den, Rend with songs the air a - - bove,

CAPT. C. & SIR J. PORTER.

Let the air with joy be la - - den, Rend with songs the air a - - bove,

For the u - nion of a mai - den With the man who owns her love.

For the u - nion of a mai - den With the man who owns her love.

## 3RD VERSE.

Let the air with joy be la - den,

For the u - nion of a maid - en,

CAPTAIN C. &amp; SIR J. PORTER.

Ring the mer - ry bells on board ship,

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love,

For her u - nion with his Lord - ship, Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love,

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love. . .

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love. . .

f

f

## DUET—Captain Corcoran &amp; Deadeye.

DEADEYE.

PIANO

Kind Cap - tain, I've im - por - tant in - for - ma - - tion— Sing

hey, the gal - lant Cap - tain that you are— A - bout a cer - tain in - ti-mate re

la - - - tion, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, Sing hey, the mer - ry  
DEADEYE.

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The

mai - den and the tar.

mai - den and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

Good fel - low, in con - un - drums you are speak - - ing— Sing hey, the sil - ly

sai - lor that you are— The ar - swers to them vain - ly am I

seek - - ing, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den and the tar. The

mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mai - den

and the tar.

and the tar.

DEADEYE.

3. Kind Cap - tain, your young la - dy is a - sigh - - ing-- Sing hey, the gal - lant

Cap - tain that you are-- This ve - ry night with Rack - straw to be

fly - - - ing, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, Sing hey, the mer - ry  
DEADEYE.

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The

mai - den and the tar.

mai - den and the tar.

## CAPTAIN C.

4. Good fel - low, you have giv - en time - ly warn - - ing Sing hey, the thought - ful

sai - lor that you are— I'll talk to Mas - ter Rack - straw in the

morn - - ing, Sing hey, the cat - o' - nine - tails and the tar. The

mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails

The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat, The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails

and the tar.

and the tar.

No. 18.

## SOLI & CHORUS.

*pp* TENORS & BASSES.

Care - ful - ly on tip - toe steal - ing, Breath-ing

*Moderato.*

**PIANO.**

*pp*

gent - ly as we may, Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion feel - ing, We will

DEADEYE.

soft - ly creep a - way. Good - ness mel why, what was that? Si - lent

*ff*

CHORUS OF MEN. CAPTAIN C.

be, it was the cat ! It was, it was the cat ! They're

*cres.*

*p*

*pp* CHORUS OF MEN.

right, it was the cat ! Pull a - shore in fash - ion

*dim.*

*pp*

stea - dy, Hy-men will de - fray the fare, For a cler - gy - man is

rea - dy To u - - nite the ha - py pair. Good-ness me, why, what was

**DEADEYE.**

that? Si - lent be, a - gain the cat! It was a - gain the

**CHORUS OF MEN.**

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

**RALPH.**

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

**CAPTAIN C.**

cat! They're right, it was the cat! DEADEYE. with cau - tion

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

*p* *pp*

feel - ing, We will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev 'ry step with cau - tion  
 feel - ing, We will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev 'ry step with cau - tion  
 feel ing, They will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev 'ry step with cau - tion  
 feel - ing, They will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev 'ry step with cau - tion  
**CHORUS.**  
**TENORS.**  
 We will steal a - way, Ev 'ry step, ev 'ry step with cau - tion  
**BASSES.**  
 We will steal a - way, Ev 'ry step, ev 'ry step with cau - tion

*rall.*  
 feel - ing, We will steal a - - - way.  
 feel - ing, We will steal a - - - way.  
 feel - ing, They will soft - - - ly steal a - way.  
 feel - ing, They will soft - - - ly steal a - way.  
 feel - ing, We will soft - - - ly steal a - way.  
 feel - ing, We will soft - - - ly steal a - way.

*3* *3* *3* *acc.*

## CAPTAIN C.

Hold! Prct - ty daugh - ter of mine, I in - sist up - on know-ing

*ff*

Where you may be go - ing With these sons of the brine ; For my ex - - cel-lent crew, Tho'

*con Sua.....*

## CHORUS OF MEN.

foes they could thump a-way, Are scarce-ly fit com - pa-ny, My daugh - ter, for you. Now, hark at that, do ! Tho'

RALPH, *p*

foes we could thump a -ny, We're scarce-ly fit com - pa-ny For a la - dy like you ! Proud

*p*

*con Sua.....*

of - fi-cer, that haugh-ty lip un - curl ! Vain man, suppress that su- per - ci-lious sneer, For I have

CAPTAIN C.

dar'd to love your match - less girl, A fact well known to all my mess-mates here! Oh, hor - ror!

>JOSEPHINE. *p*

He, hum - ble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the port di - vi - sion— The

>RALPH.

I, hum - ble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the port di - vi - sion— The

*p*

butt of e - pau - let - ted scorn— The mark of quar - ter - deck de - ri - sion, Has dar'd to raise his *p*

butt of e - pau - let - ted scorn— The mark of quar - ter - deck de - ri - sion, Have dar'd to raise my

*cres.*

worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to which you'd mould him, In man - hood's glo - rious pride to rise, He is an *ff*

*cres.*

worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to which you'd mould me, In man - hood's glo - rious pride to rise, I am an *ff*

*f*

Eng - - - lish - man, be - hold him !

Eng - - - lish - man, be - hold me !

BOATSWAIN. He

CHORUS. TENORS. *f*

He is an Eng - - - lish - man !

BASSES. *f*

He is an Eng - - - lish - man !

*f*

*a tempo.*

is an Eng - lish - man, For . . . he him - self has said it, And it's great - ly to his cre - dit, That he

*fu.*

*a tempo. p*

*con Sva.*

is an Eng - lish - man !

For he might have been a

*f*

That he is an Eng - lish - man !

*f*

That he is an Eng - lish - man !

*f*

*p*

*con Sva.*

Roo-sian, A French, or Turk or Proo-sian, Or per-haps I - tal - i - an!

TENORS & BASSES.

Or per-haps I - tal - i -

But in spite of all temp - ta - tions To be - long to o - ther na - tions, He re - mains an Eng - lish -

an l

rall.

- man! He re - mains an Eng - - - - - lish man!

CHORUS OF MEN.

For in spite of all temp - ta - tions To be -

rall.

con 8va.

He re - mains an Eng - - - - - lish - man!

rall.

- long to o - ther na - tions, He re-mains an Eng - lish - man! He re - mains an Eng - - - - - lish - man!

8va.

con 8va.

CAPT. C.

In ut - ter-ing a re - pro - ba - tion To a - ny Bri - tish tar, I try to speak with  
*Moderato.*

mod - e - ra - tion, But you have gone too far. I'm ve - ry sor - ry to dis - par - age A

hum - ble fore - mast lad, But to seek your cap - tain's child in mar - riage Why, dam - me, it's too

*con 8va.*

COUSIN HEBE.

bad ! Yes, damme, it's too bad ! Yes, damme, it's too bad ! Did you  
 DEAD EYE.

SOPRANOS. *ff*

Oh !

TENORS & BASSES. *ff*

Oh !

Oh !

*f* *f* *f* *f* *p*

*con 8va.*

hear him— did you hear him? Oh, the mon - ster o - - ver - bear - ing ! Don't go

*pp* CHORUS.

He said dam - me, he said dam - me, Yes, he said dam - me,

He said dam - me, he said dam - me, Yes, he said

near him— don't go near him— He is swearing— he is swearing ! My

He said dam-me, He said dam-me, Yes, dam-me.

dam-me, dam-me, dam-me, Yes, dam-me.

pain and my dis - tress, I find it is not ea - sy to ex - press; My a - maze-ment—my sur -

*Moderato.*

*p*

## CAPTAIN C.

prise— You may learn from the ex - pres - sion of my eyes !      My lord— one word— the facts are not be - fore you ! The

word was in - ju - di - cious, I al - low,      But hear my ex - pla - na - tion, I im - plore you, And

*con 8va.*

*con 8va.*

*con 8va.*

## SIR J. PORTER.

you will be in - dig - nant too, I vow !      I will hear of no de - fence,      At - tempt none if you're

*con 8va.*

sen - si - ble.      That word of e - vil sense,      Is whol - ly in - de - fen - si - ble.      Go, ri - bald, get you

*fz*

hence      To your ca - bin with ce - le - ri - ty.      This is the con - se-quence Of ill - ad - vised as - pe - ri - ty !

*p* SOPRANOS.

Thus all shall learn, ere long, To re .

This is the con - se - quence Of ill - ad-vis'd as - pe - ri - ty!

*p* TENORS & BASSES.

This is the con - se - quence Of ill - ad-vis'd as - pe - ri - ty!

*stringendo molto.*

COUSIN HEBE, *sempre stringendo.*

frain from lan-guage strong. For I haven't a - ny sym-pa-thy for ill - bred taunts! No more have his sis - ters, and his

*stringendo molto.* *sempre stringendo.*

cou - sins, and his aunts. *cres.* *vivace.*

No more have his sis - ters, and his cou-sins, and his aunts, No more have his sis - ters, and his

No more have his sis - ters, and his cou-sins, and his aunts, No more have his sis - ters, and his *vivace.*

con - sins, and his aunts, His cou - sins, and his sis - ters, And his sis - ters, and his cou - sins, and his

cou - sins, and his aunts, His cou - sins, and his sis - ters, And his sis - ters, and his con - sins, and his

aunts! . . . For he is an Eng - lish - man! . . . And  
 aunts! . . . For he is an Eng - lish - man! . . . And

f *ff* And it's  
 he him - self has said it, And it's great - ly to his ere - dit,  
 he him - self has said it, And it's great - ly to his cre - dit,

That he That he is . . . an . . .

That he is an Eng - lish - man, . . . That he is . . . an . . .

That he is an Eng - lish - man, . . . That he is . . . an . . .

*rall.*  
 Eng - lish - man!  
 Eng - lish - man!

*rall.*  
 con 8va.

No. 19.

## OCTETT &amp; CHORUS.

RALPH.

*Allegretto moderato.*

Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare - well ! For crime un

PIANO.

JOSEPHINE.

- known I go to a dun - geon cell. I will a - tone ; In the meantime, fare-well !

SIR J. PORTER.

And all a - lone Re-joice in your dun - geon cell ! A bone, . . . . a bone . . . . I'll

pick with this sai - lor fell ; Let him be shown At once to his dun - geon cell.

## COUSIN HEBE.

He'll hear no tone Of the maid - den he loves so well ! No te le -

*DEADEYE.*

He'll hear no tone Of the maid - den he loves so well ! No te le -

*BOATSWAIN.*

He'll hear no tone Of the maid - den he loves so well ! No te le -

*BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.*

He'll hear no tone Of the maid - den he loves so well ! No te le -

## MRS. CRIPPS.

- phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell ! But when is known . . . The

- phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell !

- phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell !

- phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell !

se - cret I have to tell, Wide will be thrown, The door of his dun - geon cell.

*cres.*

*mf* JOSEPHINE.

Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare - well ! And all a -

*mf* COUSIN HEBE.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! Let him be

*mf* MRS. CRIPPS.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! For crime un -

*mf* RALPH.

Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare - well ! For crime un -

*mf* SIR J. PORTER.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! Let him be

*mf* DEALEYE.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! For crime un -

*mf* BOATSWAIN.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! For crime un -

*mf* BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! For crime un -

CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

For crime un -

TENORS &amp; BASSES.

For crime un -

}

lone Re - joice in your dun - - geon, your dun - - geon cell !  
 shown At once to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !  
 known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !  
 known I go to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !  
 shown At once to his dun - - geon, his dun - - geon cell !  
 known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !  
 known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !  
 known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !  
 known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !

Sia J. Fontan.

My pain and my di - tress, A - gain it is not ea - sy to ex - press; My a -

- maze - ment, my sur - prise, A - gain you may dis - co - ver from my eyes!

CHORUS. *p*

How

*p*

How

MRS. CRIPPS.

Hold!

Ere up - on your

ter - ri - ble the as - pect of his eyes!

ter - ri - ble the as - pect of his eyes!

loss you lay much stress, A long - con - ceal - ed crime I would con - fess!

*p**pp*

No. 20.

## LEGEND—Mrs. Cripps &amp; Chorus.

MRS. CRIPPS.

I. A

PIANO

*tremolo.*

MANY years a - go, When I was young and charming, As some of you may know, I  
 prac - tis'd ba - by - farm-ing.

SOPRANOS.

Now this is most a - larm-ing! When she was young and charming She  
 TENORS & BASSES.

Now this is most a - larm-ing! When she was young and charming She

Two ten - der babes I nuss'd  
 prac - tis'd ba - by - farming, A ma - ny years a - go!  
 prac - tis'd ba - by - farming, A ma - ny years a - go!

One was of low con - di - tion, The o - ther ex - per - crust, A re gu - lar pa - tri-cian.

Now

Now

*cres.* *sf* *p*

this is the po - si - tion,— One was of low con - di - tion, The o - ther a pa - tri-cian, A

this is the po - si - tion,— One was of low con - di - tion, The o - ther a pa - tri-cian, A

*cres.**p*

*cres.*

MRS. CRIPPS.

ma - ny years a - go ! 2. Oh,

ma - ny years a - go !

*p*

*p*

bit - ter is my cup ! How e - ver could I do it? I mix'd those chil - dren up, And

not a crea - ture knew it ! SOPRANOS.

How - e - ver could you do it? Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it, Al -

TENORS & BASSES.

How - e - ver could you do it? Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it, Al .

In time each lit - tle waif For -

- though no crea - ture knew it, So ma - ny years a - go !

- though no crea - ture knew it, So ma - ny years a - go !

- sook his fos - ter - mo-ther : The well-born babe was Ralph— Your cap - tain was the o - ther !

They

They

cres. s: p

*p* MRS. CRIPPS

cres. A *p*

left their fos - ter - mo-ther, The one was Ralph, our bro-ther, Our cap-tain was the o - ther, A

cres. A

left their fos - ter - mo-ther, The one was Ralph, our bro-ther, Our cap-tain was the o - ther, A

cres.

*rall.*

ma - ny years a - go !

*rall.* ma - ny years a - go !

ma - ny years a - go !

*a tempo.*

*p*

No. 21.

## FINALE.

JOSEPHINE.

Oh joy, oh rap - ture un - for - seen ! The cloud - ed sky is  
COUSIN HEBE.

Oh joy, oh rap - ture un - for - seen ! The cloud - ed sky is  
RALPH,

Oh joy, oh rap - ture un - for - seen ! The cloud - ed sky is

DEADEYE.

Oh joy, oh rap - ture un - for - seen ! The cloud - ed sky is

PIANO

*f Allegro vivace.*

now se - rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove; The sky is all a -

now se - rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove; The sky is all a -

now se - rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove; The sky is all a -

now se - rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove; The sky is all a -

- blaze. We'll chase the lag - ging hours a-long, And if he finds the

- blaze. We'll chase the lag - ging hours a-long, And if he finds the

- blaze. With woo - ing words and lov - ing song They'll chase the lag - ging hours a-long, And if he finds the

- blaze. With woo - ing words They'll chase the lag - ging hours a - - long, And if he finds the

maid - en coy, We'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - - - - y roun - de - *cres.*

maid - en coy, They'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - - - - y roun - de - *cres.*

maid - en coy, We'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - - - - y roun - de - *cres.*

maid - en coy, He'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - y roun - - - de - lay, in roun - de - *cres.*

- lays.

- lays.

- lays.

*CAPTAIN C.* For he is the cap-tain of the Pin - a - fore, And a right good cap - tain too! And

*CHORUS.*

*CAPTAIN C.*

## CHORUS OF MEN.

though be - fore my fall I was cap - tain of you all, I'm a mem - ber of the crew. And

## CAPTAIN C.

tho' be - fore his fall He was cap - tain of us all, He's a mem - ber of the crew. I shall

mar - ry with a wife In my hum - ble rank of life ! And you, my own, are she. I must

## CHORUS OF MEN.

wan - der to and fro, But where - e - ver I may go, I shall ne - ver be un - true to thee ! What,

## CAP. C.

## CHOS. OF MEN.

## CAP. C.

## CHOS. OF MEN.

ne - ver ? No, ne - ver ! What, ne - ver ? Hardly e - ver ! Hardly e - ver be un - true to

TENORS only.

thee. Then give three cheers, and one cheer more For the for - mer cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*, Then

*p* Give three cheers, and one cheer more For the for - mer cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*, Then

*p*

*f*

*con Sva.*

MRS. CRIPPS.

give three cheers, and one cheer more For the cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*. For he

give three cheers, and one cheer more For the cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*.

*con Sva.*

*loves lit - tle But - ter - cup, dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Though I could ne - ver tell why; . . .*

*p*

. . . But still he loves But - ter - cup, poor lit - tle But - ter - cup, Sweet lit - tle But - ter - cup, aye!

*Tutti. CHORUS.*

For he loves lit - tle But - ter - cup, dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Though I could ne - ver tell why ;

SIR J. PORTER.

But still he loves But - ter - cup, dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, sweet lit - tle But - ter - cup aye ! I'm the

COUSIN HEBE.

mon - arch of the sea, And when I've mar - ried thee I'll be true to the de - vo - tion that my love im - plants, Then good -  
*Stringendo molto.*

- bye to your sis - ters, and your cou - sins, and your aunts, Es - pe - cial - ly your cou - sins, Whom you

*Tutti. CHORUS Vivace. SOPRANOS.*

reck - on up by do - zens. Then good - bye to your sis - ters, and your cou - sins, and your aunts, Es -  
TENORS & BASSES.

Then good - bye to your sis - ters, and your cou - sins, and your aunts, Es -  
*Vivace.*

pe - cial - ly your cou - sins, Whom you reck - on up by do - zens, and your aunts! . . . For he

pe - cial - ly your cou - sins, Whom you reck - on up by do - zens, and your aunts! . . . For he

is an Eng - lish - man! . . . For he him - self has said it,

is an Eng - lish - man! . . . For he him - self has said it,

And it's great - ly to his cre - dit, That he is an Eng - lish -

And it's great - ly to his cre - dit, That he is an Eng - lish -

That he is . . . an . . .

man, . . . That he is . . . an . . . Eng - - - - - lish -

man, . . . That he is . . . an . . . Eng - - - - - lish -

8va .....

con 8va. . . .

man!

man!



(Curtain.)

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